

(I)

Britain Reviv'd:
IN A
PANEGYRICK
TO THEIR
Most August MAJESTIES,
William and Mary.

A Pindarick Poem.

I.

TIS done; the weighty Business of the State,
That has so Long been in Profound Debate,
Is to Perfection brought:
Not by a Mortal thought,
For Heaven Inspir'd 'em with a greater Sense
Of things Past, Present, and to Come,
Which their most prudent Souls did Influence,
To work our Safety, from the Threaten'd Domb.
O Hero's more than half Divine,
For Monarchy in its Decline
By Nature made the Antidotes.
Religious Champions, 'gainst that Monster Pope.
You th' first did us Convince
Of an Enslaving Arbitrary Prince,
By whom, as by an *Ignis fatuus* led on,
We wander'd, till our Laws and Liberties were gon;
Until Religion did Consumptive lie,
And weakn'd so, we were afraid she'd die.

II.

So tofs'd and Ship-wreck'd in the Storms of Chance,
By a Popish Wind, which blew from *France*;
She on the ravenous Billows tott'ring lay,
And too much trusting to the Romish See,
Had she not quickly clapt the Helm a Lee,
She had by ventring thrown her self away;
But growing Sea-sick fell to Pray'r,
Imploring Heaven's Care.

A

At

* *The Nobility* At which the * Higher Powers in Council sate,
of England. How to reduce this shatter'd State,
 Of curst-invented Church,
 † *The late King.* By † *Neptune* leftish' lurch,
 ‖ *Popery.* To raffle with the ‖ Boistrous Seas,
 Our Ruine only could appease;
 * *Dissenters.* For then the Sea and * Winds were knit together,
 Where ere we sail'd, we met with stormy weather.

III.

O dismal time! when each audacious wave
 Grew bigg, to see us sink they would not save;
 Roaring Destruction, rould to us apace,
 And dash'd our Non-resistance in our face.
 † *Dissenters.* The † Winds too treacherous were, and hiss'd aloud,
 At the Obedience Passive of our Ship-wreck'd crowd.

IV.

Then our Heroick *WILLIAM*, all Divine,
 With true Religious Valour did incline,
 To our assistance; braves the Daring Main,
 And brings us to our Calmer Days again.

V.

Next, in the Rank of Heroes, let me bring,
 Those who Oppos'd our Popish King,
 And dar'd in this storm of State,
 To turn about the Wheel of Fate,
 And lead the way to Fortune.
 Those Nature sure stamp'd in her largest mould,
 With all Ingredients to be bravely bold;
 Or some unusual Vertue was from Heaven
 To them at their Creation given,
 That they so wisely knew to look,
 Into the Adamantine Book,
 Of future Destiny.
 And where they could espy,
 Our approaching Misery;
 Blot out the Ill, and write the Fate anew,
 * *To the King.* And change a *James*, Great * *SIR!* for You,
 So by this brave Experiment we're taught,
 Most August Prince, You were God's Second Thought.

VI.

Then long blest'd King, may God, who crown'd Your Brow,
 To Your bright Days all Happiness allow.
 And Your Illustrious *QUEEN*, Exalt yet higher,
 Than Envy e're can reach, but to admire.
 O happy we! since You've your Reign begun,
 Our *LAWs* shall now in their Old Channel run;
LIBERTY no more shall fettered lye,
 Nor *PROPERTY* with close confinement dye;
 But all our Hearts shall mutually agree,
 Dread *SIR!* to Honour, Love, and Fight for Thee.